

FADS OF THE BATHERS.

SOMEWAYS OF STEAMING THAT BEAT THE TURKISH BATH.

A Newspaper Writer Is Put Through a Process Which Makes Her All the Colors of the Rainbow—An Ordeal Which to the Uninitiated Is Akin to Torture.

The fads of progressive New York women will kill me yet. Last week I took a "pack," and I am nearly dead. Lost twenty pounds and the power of locomotion for twenty-four hours. My lips and eyelids turned electric blue and my complexion is a pale green with ecru mottling. I wanted some medicine—a big dose—with a diet of lettuce, prunes, Graham rolls and hot wafer to see if I could put down the rebellious biliousness of my skin and put on a silver gray gown. I went to see the bathing mistress in the Hoffman house, who used to steam and knead the Jersey Lily and who did several hundred dollars' worth of grooming for the beautiful Duchess of Marlborough. She told me that I "ought to get packed."

"Where to?" I asked.

"Good looks! You can come here for a night or I will go to your house and give you a pack that will make your hair curl."

I gave her my card and made arrangements to be ready for her two days later. Her parting command was: "Take a five meal fast to rest your system, and you will be the color of a lily when I get through with you." She did not say what color or what kind of a lily at the time, but I have since learned that the model she had in mind was the tiger lily.

THE "PACK" DESCRIBED.

I took the fast, and the day she arrived I was as hollow as a pipe stem, and the weakness of the traditional cat was muscular vigor compared to the general goodness of my interior. A small mountain of comfortables and blankets was collected, my bed was stripped and covered first with a rubber and then a pounce sheet. Over this was laid a wet sheet wrung out of boiling water in which I was folded like a prehistoric mummy.

The sensation was a little smart at first, and I had a lurking fear that the original hue of whiteness was being scorched from my spinal column. Satisfied of my mistake I relapsed into a state of passivity and the mistress of the bath transferred the mountain of blankets from the floor to my bed. Then she put a cool, wet napkin on my head, and there I lay with the weight of Atlanta's on my already caved in anatomy and every pore in my body streaming like a country pump. I tried to think I was having fun, for it was a day off and it has always been my motto to make my own sunshine.

Do what I could with my thoughts I felt the blood pumping into my brain and making violent and forcible efforts to escape. The stately mistress of the flesh brush made me keep still, changing the cold cloths on my head, slipped morsels of crushed ice down my throat and encouraging me by frequent reiterations that I was doing well and would have a beautiful color. I stayed in the pack three hours and perspired until I thought there was nothing left of me but the last breath. Then I dropped off of something—I don't know just exactly what—and when I was about to get a glimpse of heavenly things with a lot of short waisted early empire girls and small dimpled boys in feather trimmings floating about in atmospheric nonchalance I was rudely shaken and told to open my mouth. That ended the pack.

THE SENSATIONS AFTERWARD.

I was dosed with French brandy, rubbed with alcohol, polished off with a pair of bath mitts that had the grain of radish graters and put to bed again between warm sheets.

The packer gave me a cup of bouillon, a chop, a roll and a glass of claret, and stayed with me until I finished the first morsel of food I had tasted in fifty hours. Bidding me keep quiet and stay in bed a day or two she relieved me of a \$5 bill I had been saving for a crimson parasol and went off. When I looked in the glass I saw a reflection that beggared the horror portrayed by the impersonators of Violetta and Camille in their last scenes. I was a sort of ox heart red with a mottling of yellow fever and black plague patches done in the fashion that Limoges vases are under glazed. My eyes were on fire, the lining of my lids was white and green, my nostrils were pinched and my lips shriveled and were onion blue in tint.

Briefly, I was a horror. I looked like a resurrection. Mentally I was as idiotic as the ushers in the Bible wedding. But I had been "packed," and there is some satisfaction to a crack brain to know that she has one less fad in the gamut of fooldom to investigate. I have given up the ideal of a gray frock and buckled down to a diet of rare roast beef, boiled onions, rice pudding and vegetable soup, for until I recover some of my lost flesh I have no use for anything but a Spanish scarf and an ulster.

But will you believe me when I tell you that these packs are taken regularly by the fashionably progressive women of New York every day in the week? It's a fact.—New York World.

A Host's Thoughtfulness.

Brown (of Philadelphia)—Come right in, old fellow. Your room is ready and everything necessary to make you feel completely at home is prepared.

Jones (of Pittsburgh)—Hope you haven't taken any trouble on my account.

Brown (heartily)—Very little, but that little will count. Have had four dozen cable cars hung under your window and hired a boy to bang them every day and all night.

Jones (overjoyed)—Bless you, old boy! Your thoughtfulness is simply delightful.—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Horribly Irreverent.

A very wicked young person, to whom an admirer of Ibsen showed the dramatist's photograph, said, with a lofty sneer: "If you wish a real good picture of a Marmoset monkey why don't you get one?"—Boston Herald.

MORRORS IN DAHOMEY.

Shocking Things Dr. Bayol Saw—Fleeting Moments of Horror.

A letter from Paris, giving details of the adventures of Dr. Bayol, the governor of Kotonou, who was imprisoned by the king of Dahomey, appears in The Vossische Zeitung. Dr. Bayol himself was not ill treated, but was forced to witness the most horrible executions, and was closely watched night and day by three of the most important chiefs. He was forced to be present at the execution of his secretary and his interpreter, and was a spectator of the sacrifice at one time of eighty-four human beings, and at another of forty-two. The victims were bound, mutilated in a horrible manner, and then, still alive, hung up by the heels. Then their bodies were opened with large round knives and the intestines taken out, after which the corpses were thrown into a "place of skulls," where in forty-eight hours they were reduced by birds of prey to skeletons.

Dr. Bayol was every time compelled to view each corpse, while the executioners carefully turned the heads of their victims toward him. Upon one occasion he desired to buy off some negroes, whom he recognized as proteges from Porto Novo, but the king angrily refused to allow it. Every day his dusky majesty danced before the doctor, executing steps and jumps which would have been highly entertaining under other circumstances. At these times the king wore sandals and a sort of Grecian cap on his head, and six Amazons danced with him.

The Amazons Dr. Bayol describes as very fiends. One day the doctor witnessed a spectacle which he will never forget. At a sign from the king 500 Amazons rushed upon a living ox and tore it into pieces in a few seconds; then each, with a piece of raw flesh in her mouth, marched off singing, while five of their number held the skin and head of their victim aloft in triumph.

In festive garments they witnessed from the roofs of the neighboring huts the human sacrifices of the next day and laughed heartily. They always appear perfectly resigned and go quietly to death when their turn comes. The king is very suspicious, and would not sign the letter written to the president of the French republic. Dr. Bayol's return to the coast was extremely dangerous, for he had no passport and was therefore obliged, in spite of illness, to march more than fifty miles in one day through country with which he was quite unacquainted. On arriving at Kotonou he heard of the death of the king, whom, had he been still at Dahomey, he would have probably been accused of poisoning.

Wicked Trick on a Trout Fisher.

J. H. Blethen and Alfred Stetson, of Linneus, went on a trout fishing expedition and captured eleven fish. They placed them in their wagon and then went off to look after some bear traps. While they were gone Dr. Boyd happened along, and recognizing the team proceeded to purloin the trout. He took them to Mr. Blethen's house, told Mrs. Blethen how he came by them, and requested her to say nothing, but to cook them the next day and surprise her husband; meantime she would probably hear a pretty good fish story, he predicted. When Mr. Blethen arrived home his story, in reply to his wife's inquiries as to his luck, was fully up to the expectation of the plotters. He said they had caught forty-eight trout, and most of them were of monstrous size, in fact the finest string he ever saw, but some evil minded person had stolen them from the team while they were absent, and so on. When his wife produced eleven fried little fishes for dinner the next day and told him that there were his forty-eight monsters the fisherman smiled like a morning glory in a noontide sun.—Houlton (Me.) Pioneer.

Senior Keeps on Writing.

My mother often went to Bowood, and used to tell a good story against our old friend, Mr. Nassau Senior. Once when she was there with the Seniors and a large party Tommy Moore, who lived near and was a frequent visitor, was prevailed upon to sing. All prepared to listen to the charming performance save Mr. Senior, who sat down at a small writing table and began to write with a quill upon Lord Lansdowne's very ribbed paper. He was compiling a paper on statistics, or something of that sort. Moore began, but his singing was rendered impossible by the persistent scratch, scratch, and he turned round to see who caused the odious noise. Mr. Senior looked up and said innocently, "Oh, you don't disturb me, I assure you; pray go on, I rather like it." This caused an outburst of laughter absolutely puzzling to the unconscious statistician.—Mrs. Ross in Murray's Magazine.

The Land of Ducks.

There are more ducks in the Chinese empire than in all the world outside of it. They are kept by the Celestials on every farm, on the private roads, on the public roads, on the streets of cities and on all the lakes, ponds, rivers, streams and brooks in the country. Every Chinese boat also contains a batch of them. There are innumerable hatching establishments all through the empire, many of which are said to turn out about fifty thousand young ducks every year. Salted and smoked duck and ducks' eggs constitute two of the most common and important articles of diet in China.—Exchange.

Critical Periods in Life.

There are two periods of life in which the powers of resistance to adverse influences are excessively weak. In infancy, from birth to 5 years of age, but especially in the first year of existence, the power of life is very feeble, and this is the reason that so many infants die suddenly in convulsions. Again, after the age of 65 is passed the vital tenacity is lowered, the substance of the heart and of the muscles in general becomes fatty, and there is imminent liability to sudden failure of the heart's action.—Chat-ter.

A PERPETUAL MOTION PUMP.

Converting the Rolling Sea Waves Into Power for Pumping Water.

Underneath the pier of the Bond Wave Power company at Ocean Grove, N. J., a mammoth iron egg floats upon the top of the waves. In mild weather the egg bobs up serenely, rising to a height of about fourteen inches above the dead level of the sea, but when the weather is rough and great rollers come rushing in the egg rises forcefully upward five feet or more. It cannot get loose, for it is made fast to the pier by long, strong arms of iron. Up from the top of the mammoth egg a rope runs, and after it has passed over a pulley it stretches on shoreward, and at last enters a wooden building situated upon the beach. In the building is a pump, and the rope is in connection with it. The pump is lifting about 3,000 gallons of water a minute, raising it distances equivalent to the height of the waves.

The explanation of the apparatus and the work it is doing is that Mr. N. O. Bond, whose namesake the Bond Wave Power company is, has successfully completed an experiment undertaken primarily to determine if it were possible to make the ocean, by the motion of its waves, pump enough water itself into Wesley lake to make that lake a body of salt water. There are people living in Asbury Park and Ocean Grove who, considering that the sources of the water of Wesley lake are in the swamp lands, judge that the lake is to some extent a health menacing body of water, and they have for some time wished that it might be salted. Mr. Bond says that he will have no difficulty in making Lake Wesley salt, and he expects to do it. He says that he is perfectly satisfied that his new wave machine will not only do the work which it was especially devised to do, but he is also assured that it will be found a valuable machine for doing other things which need to be done economically.

He says that the machine is strong enough to work comfortably in the roughest weather and that it is built with an especial view to making it run with very little supervision. He says that the wave gate which is in use as the motive power of the street sprinkling system at Ocean Park ran all through the winter of 1899-00 without getting out of order, and that its operations were not in the slightest interfered with by the great storm, which, it will be recalled, was spoken of as "the greatest storm for thirty years." The wave egg, Mr. Bond says, will be as little liable to disarrangement by heavy weather as the wave gate was.

The new machine may be used wherever waves rise and fall, and there need not necessarily be a pier to hold it to its work. It may be kept in place by piles quite as well as by a pier, for, while the force of a great wave is immense, it is not so exerted upon the egg as to give a shock, such, for example, as the shock of a cannon ball.

The wave egg may be made as its uses may demand. The one in operation at Ocean Grove has a major diameter of ten feet, a minor diameter of seven feet, and its weight, conjoined with the arms by which it is fastened to the pier, is about two tons. The length of the arms is thirty-three feet.—New York Times.

Trials of Mail Smuggling.

"I have known," said Deputy Ben Armstrong at the postoffice, "of whole suits coming in letters. You smile? I will explain. A garment that has been cut to fit a customer can be sent by piecemeal. We discovered one-half a trousers leg in a big letter once, and we decided to lay for the rest of the suit. Sure enough, eight big, thick letters followed, addressed to the same man. Our first idea was to send for the man and compel him to pay duty, but then the joke was too good and had to be played to its legitimate conclusion.

"We sent him a piece of the pants, a piece of the vest and a coat sleeve." The deputy went on to say that on the following day the young fellow came in, all of a perspiration. He was expecting some foreign mails from "Lunnon, don't you know," and at least five letters were missing. He was told to come on the following day and the letters might be found.

He came, and Postmaster Van Cott forced him to open in his presence the three letters that had been discovered, and out came the dutiable goods and the swell had to foot.

"But," concluded the deputy, "these were not all the letters, and we made him worry for two weeks over the missing pants leg and one little coat tail, on all of which he finally paid duty."

Marriage Licenses.

No. 830—Fred Baldwin, 30, and Wandria Unrath, 23, both of Hartford.

No. 831—Chas. W. Williams, 22, and Anna Eliza Avery, 22, both of South Haven.

No. 832—W. H. H. Roe, 59, of Medina, Wis., and Mabel North, 22, of Decatur.

No. 833—James Lynch, 26, and May Pease, 19, both of Geneva.

No. 834—W. R. Siggins, 25, of Columbia, and Theodora I. Smith, 17, of Grand Junction.

No. 835—Chas. F. Thompson, 19, of Grand Junction, and Lucy V. Grille, 16, of Bangor.

No. 836—Richmond Horton, 37, and Mary Gift, 33, both of South Bend, Ind.

New suits.

W. H. Payne vs. Geo. Slater; appeal from justice court.

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STATIONS.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave So. Haven.	9 00	9 20	6 00	6 20
" Covert.	9 20	9 40	6 20	6 40
Arrive Hartford.	9 40	10 00	6 40	7 00
Leave.	9 40	10 00	6 40	7 00
" Lawrence.	10 10	10 30	7 30	7 50
" Lakeport.	10 30	10 50	7 50	8 10
Arrive Paw Paw.	10 50	11 10	8 10	8 30
Leave Paw Paw.	6 00	10 45	2 30	9 00
Arrive Lawton.	6 15	11 11	2 45	9 15
GOING WEST.	2	4	6	8
STATIONS.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave Lawton.	6 35	11 40	3 10	9 35
Arrive Paw Paw.	6 50	11 55	3 25	9 50
Leave.	6 50	12 00	3 30	9 55
" Lakeport.	7 05	12 15	3 45	10 10
" Lawrence.	7 20	12 30	4 00	10 25
Arrive Hartford.	7 40	12 50	4 20	10 45
Leave.	7 45	1 00	4 30	10 55
" Covert.	8 15	1 30	5 00	11 25
Arrive So. Haven.	8 40	1 55	5 25	11 50

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Local Passenger.	2 57 a m
Night Express [on signal]	7 55 a m
Way Freight.	
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Kalamazoo Accommodation [ex Sunday]	3 06 p m
Mail.	9 08 a m
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